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menclature in all the languages taught in the schools, hereby signifies its interest in the work of the Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology recently formed in England, and requests that the grammars used in America be likewise taken into account.

It was also voted that Dr. Avellanus should be invited to speak at a special meeting of the Club, on the use of Latin in conversation.

Usurping the functions of the censor, we may call attention to two or three points. The luncheon did not begin at 12 o'clock sharp. The delay was caused by the fact that the speaker could not be present until 12.30. We can assure the members of the Club that, *Deo volente,* the next luncheon will begin at the time advertised. The room in which the luncheon was served was too small, over-heated and noisy. The hotel management has promised a larger room for the next luncheon, and for the address a special room far removed from the sound of pans and kettles.

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TWO KINDS OF REALISM[1]

In the past days the National Museum at Rome and our own Metropolitan Museum have put on exhibition each a Greek statue displaying the unusual character of realism. Yet a greater contrast than these two marbles afford can hardly be imagined. One has to remind himself that the Temple Ministrant of Rome, a mere serving maid at her work, is not a nymph or even a goddess, while at first glance the Old Market Woman of the Metropolitan strikes one as a bad *genre* piece of no very ancient date. Yet both were cut by Grecian hands, presumably not a century, either way, from the Venus of Milo. On close scrutiny also, the nobler figure of the two appears the most conscientiously realistic, while the meaner form is prettified for effect. We have to do with contrasting ideals of Greek realism, and since realism is the leading artistic motive of our generation, a comparison of the two manners should be instructive.

First, as nearer at hand, we will look at the Old Market Woman. She strains forward crying her wares. The whole body is contorted as by a sort of recoil from her vociferation. Her right arm, now missing, brandished a dainty before a possible buyer; her left clasps two fowls to her side while the hand holds a laden basket. Her brow and exposed breasts display the outrages of time, but her legs and sandalled feet have through the drapery the easy elegance of a Tanagra statuette. The artist has flinched from creating a complete effigy of shrivelled decrepitude. No Greek has given us the tragic fact embodied so pitifully in Rodin's Armorer's Wife. This Market Woman is caught at her most energetic moment, at one of those instants in which she defied her habitual lassitude. Surely, the theme is highly characteristic. Why, then, is the impression of the thing so unsatisfying? An examination of the Temple Ministrant will go far to answer the question.

The Temple Ministrant at Rome is plainly a daughter of the people. Her sturdy body is girt by a clumsy yet decorative mass of drapery rolled tight to raise the impeding garment from her ankles. Her hair shows nothing of that elaboration which we have come to regard as invariable in Greek sculpture. Two short tresses are drawn forward from the nape of the neck and roughly knotted over the brow—just the easiest method of getting the hair out of the way. The head is as boyish as the figure. The Girl of Anzio, as the Italians call her affectionately after the place of her discovery, is standing intent upon some minor office in the cult. Her left arm bears the fragment of a salver upon which stood some utensil needed for the service. Her firmly poised body betrays her solicitude. The eyes regard the salver fixedly, less with reverence, it seems to us, than with a simple determination that the trifling service shall be well performed. Yet the beauty of this menial action is akin to that of the processional marbles of the Parthenon, and the realistic traits in figure, costume, and hair-dressing so readily adjust themselves to the grand style of the whole that only with difficulty does one perceive that these elements are quite exceptional. The whole thing is of a lofty yet intimate beauty which finds Christian expression in the familiar lines:

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine.

Between the Temple Ministrant and the Old Market Woman there is an immense difference in work manship, the latter being quite mediocre in execution, but this difference is transcended by a far deeper discrepancy in vision. Whoever made the Old Market Woman saw her as she chose to be seen, and as every passer-by saw her. He accepted for his theme just the insight of everybody about. Whoever created the beautiful Temple Ministrant managed to see something that probably everybody else overlooked. The common gaze doubtless would have been on the statue of the divinity, or on the officiating priest. It was the artist who caught the simple majesty of that robust figure poised as it held faithfully a cup, a knife, or some such nothing. The joy of that discovery we feel as we look upon the Girl of Anzio.

Yes, the difference transcends technic. You might put the Roman statue through a series of casts and reductions until in handling it became infinitely the inferior of the Old Market Woman, yet it, whatever its debasement, would remain wholly superior as a work of art. It is, as with all creation, a question of vision. If you do your seeing with simple curiosity, accepting unchallenged the average testimony of the eye and the casual observation of all the world, no technical mastery will save the result from cheapness and essential insignificance. The true artist is the aristocrat of the eye. He makes his bold exclusions and stern selections. He looks deep into appearances, and is wary of their immediate appeal. Thus he reveals things that the rest of us are too hurried or too untrained to see at all. Let no one say that the mere age and ugliness of the Old Market Woman are the trouble. She simply is seen too quickly and at the wrong moment. There is now at the Union League Club a picture by Daumier in which market-women and decrepit clerks are huddled into a third-class compartment, and the group and each individual have the sombre distinction that we associate with Michelangelo and Millet. It seems all a matter of the aristocracy of the eye. Otherwise the difference between the artist and the average man would be merely quantitative—only that, for example, between the champion golfer and the awkward amateur.

[1] This article appeared in the New York Evening Post of Saturday, November 20. I am sure our readers will welcome the opportunity to see it at once. It should be read in connection with the account of The Old Market Woman printed in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 3.55.
C. K.